NUMB. LXXXV.

The GUARDIAN.

——Sed te decor iſte, quod optas,
Eſſe vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat. Ovid.

Thurſday, June 18. 1713.

TO ſuffer Scandal (ſays ſomebody) is the Tax which every Perſon of Merit pays to the Publick; and my Lord *Verulam* finely obſerves, that a Man who has no Virtue in himſelf, ever envies Virtue in others. know not how it comes to paſs, but Detraction thro' all Ages has been found a Vice which the Fair Sex too eaſily give into. Not the *Roman* Satyriſt could uſe them with more Severity than they themſelves do one another. Some audacious Criticks, in my Opinion, have launched out a little too far, when they take upon them to prove, in Oppoſition to Hiſtory, that *Lais* was a Woman of as much Virtue as Beauty, which violently diſpleaſing the *Phrynes* of thoſe times, they ſecretly prevailed with the Hiſtorians to deliver her down to Poſterity under the infamous Character of an extorting Proſtitute. But tho' I have the greateſt Regard imaginable to that ſofter Species, yet am I ſorry to find they have very little for themſelves. So far are they from being tender of one another's Reputation, that they take a malicious Pleaſure in deſtroying it. My Lady the other Day, when *Jack* was asking who could be ſo baſe to ſpread ſuch a Report about Mrs.——, anſwer'd, None, you may be ſure, but a Woman. A little after *Dick* told my Lady, that he had heard *Florella* hint as if *Cleora* wore artificial Teeth; The Reaſon is, ſaid ſhe, becauſe *Cleora* firſt gave out, that *Florella* ow'd her Complexion to a Waſh. Thus the induſtrious pretty Creatures take Pains, by Invention, to throw Blemiſhes on each other, when they don't conſider that there is a profligate Sett of Fellows too ready to taint the Character of the virtuous, or blaſt the Charms of the blooming Virgin. The young Lady, from whom I had the honour of receiving the following Letter, deſerves, or rather claims, Protection from our Sex, ſince ſo barbarouſly treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend Innocence from Injury, who gave ignorantly the Occaſion of its being aſſaulted. Had the Men been leſs liberal of their Applauſes, the Women had been more ſparing of their calumnious Cenſures.

(Price Two Pence.)

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Don't know at what nice Point you fix the 'Bloom of a young Lady; but I am one who 'can juſt look back upon Fifteen. My Father dying three Years ago, left me under the Care and 'Direction of my Mother, with a Fortune not profuſely great, yet ſuch as might demand a very 'handſom Settlement, if ever Propoſals of Marriage 'ſhould be offered. My Mother, after the uſual 'time of retired Mourning was over, was ſo affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along 'with her in all her Viſits; but ſtill not thinking ſhe 'gratified my Youth enough, permitted me further to 'go with my Relations to all the publick, cheerful, 'but innocent Entertainments, where ſhe was too 'reſerved to appear her ſelf. The two firſt Years 'of my Teens were eaſie, gay and delightful. Every one careſſed me; the old Ladies told me how 'finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of 'my Company; but when the third Year had a little 'advanced, my Relations uſed to tell my Mother 'that pretty Miſs *Clary* was ſhot up into a Woman. 'The Gentlemen begun now not to let their Eyes 'glance over me, and in moſt Places I found my ſelf 'diſtinguiſhed; but obſerved the more I grew into 'the Eſteem of their Sex, the more I loſt the Favour 'of my own. Some of thoſe whom I had been 'familiar with, grew cold and indifferent: Others 'miſtook, by deſign. my Meaning, made me ſpeak 'what I never thought, and ſo by degrees took occaſion to break off all Acquaintance. There were 'ſeveral little inſignificant Reflections caſt upon me, 'as being a Lady of a great many Quaintneſſes and 'ſuch like, which I ſeemed not to take notice of. 'But my Mother coming home about a Week ago, 'told me there was a Scandal ſpread about Town by 'my Enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever 'for a Beauty; I earneſtly entreated her to know it, 'ſhe refuſed me, but Yeſterday it diſcovered it ſelf.

'Being

'Being in an Aſſembly of Gentlemen and Ladies, 'one of the Gentlemen who had been very facetious 'to ſeveral of the Ladies, at laſt turning to me, And 'as for you, Madam, *Prior* has already given us 'your Character,

That Air and Harmony of Shape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs.

'I perceived immediately a malignant Smile diſplay 'itſelf in the Countenance of ſome of the Ladies, 'which they ſeconded with a ſcornful flutter of the 'Fan, till one of them unable any longer to con-'tain, ask'd the Gentleman if he did not remember 'what *Congreve* ſaid about *Aurelia*, for ſhe thought 'it mighty pretty. He made no Anſwer, but in-'ſtantly repeated the Verſes.

The Mulcibers, *who in the* Minories *ſweat,*
And Maſſive Bars on ſtubborn Anvils beat;
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe Stays of Steel
Which arm Aurelia *with a Shape to kill.*

'This was no ſooner over, but it was eaſily diſcer-'nable what an ill-natured Satisfaction moſt of the 'Company took, and the more Pleaſure they ſhowed 'by dwelling upon the two laſt Lines, the more 'they encreaſed my Trouble and Confuſion. And 'now, Sir, after this tedious Account, what would 'you adviſe me to? Is there no way to be cleared 'of theſe malicious Calumnies? What is Beauty 'worth, that makes the Poſſeſſor thus Unhappy? 'Why was Nature ſo laviſh of her Gifts to me, as to 'make her Kindneſs prove a Cruelty? They tell me 'my Shape is delicate, my Eyes ſparkling, my Lips 'I know not what, my Cheeks, forſooth, adorned 'with a juſt mixture of the Roſe and Lillie; but I wiſh 'this Face was barely not diſagreeable, this Voice 'harſh and unharmonious, theſe Limbs only not 'deformed, and then perhaps I might live eaſie and 'unmoleſted, and neither raiſe Love and Admiration 'in the Men, nor Scandal and Hatred in the Wo-'men.

Your very humble Servant,

CLARINA.

The beſt Anſwer I can make my fair Correſpon-dent is, That ſhe ought to comfort her ſelf with this Conſideration, that thoſe who talk thus of her know it is falſe, but wiſh they cou'd make others believe it true. 'Tis not they think you deform'd, but are vex'd that they themſelves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old Man's Advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them; they have attain'd what they endeavoured if they make you uneaſie, for it is Envy that has made them ſo. I would not have you wiſh your Shape one ſixtieth Part of an Inch diſproportioned, nor deſire your Face might be impoveriſhed with the Ruin of half a Feature, tho' numbers of remaining Beauties might make the Loſs inſenſible; but take Courage, go in-to the brighteſt Aſſemblies, and the World will quickly confeſs it to be Scandal. Thus *Plato*, hear-ing it was aſſerted, by ſome Perſons, that he was a very bad Man, *I ſhall take care*, ſaid he, *to live ſo, that no Body will believe them.*

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Relation of matter of Fact. A gay young Gentleman in the Country, not many Years ago, fell deſperately in Love with a blooming fine Creature, whom give me leave to call *Meliſſa*. After a pretty long De-lay, and frequent Sollicitations, ſhe refuſed ſeveral others of larger Eſtates, and conſented to make him happy. But they had not been marry'd much a-bove a Twelve-month, till it appear'd too true, what *Juba* ſays;

Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in the Eye, and palls upon the Senſe.

Polydore (for that was his Name) finding himſelf grow every Day more uneaſie, and unwilling ſhe ſhould diſcover the Cauſe, for Diverſion came up to Town, and to avoid all Suſpicions brought *Me-liſſa* along with him. After ſome Stay here, *Polydore* was one Day informed, that a Sett of Ladies over their Tea Table, in the Circle of Scandal, had touched upon *Meliſſa* — And was that the ſilly Thing ſo much talked of? How did ſhe ever grow into a Toaſt? For their parts they had Eyes, as well as the Men, but could not diſcover where her Beauties lay. *Po-lydore* upon hearing this flew immediately home, and told *Meliſſa*, with the utmoſt Tranſport, that he was now fully convinced how numberleſs were her Charms, ſince her own Sex would not allow her any.

Mr. IRONSIDE, Button's *Coffee-houſe.*

'I Have obſerved that this Day you make Men-'tion of *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, as a Place where 'People are too Polite to hold a Man in Diſcourſe 'by the Button. Every body knows your Honour 'frequents this Houſe, therefore they will take an 'Advantage againſt me, and ſay if my Company 'was as Civil as that at *Will*'s, you would ſay ſo: 'Therefore pray your Honour do not be afraid of 'doing me Juſtice, becauſe People would think it 'may be a Conceit below you on this Occaſion to 'name the Name of,

Your humble Servant,
Daniel Button.

'The young Poets are in the back Room, and 'take their Places as you directed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Benefit of Mr. Boman.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, this Day, being the 18th of June, will be preſented, The Hiſtory and Fall of Caius Marius. The Part of Caius Marius by Mr. Powel, Marius Junior by Mr. Booth, Metellus by Mr. Boman, Lavinia by Mrs. Bradſhaw, Nurſe by Mr. Bullock, Firſt Clown by Mr. Penkethman, Second Clown by Mr. Norris. With Dancing by Mr. Prince and Mrs. Bicknel. By His Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes: Nor any Money to be return'd after the Curtain is drawn up.

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